

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

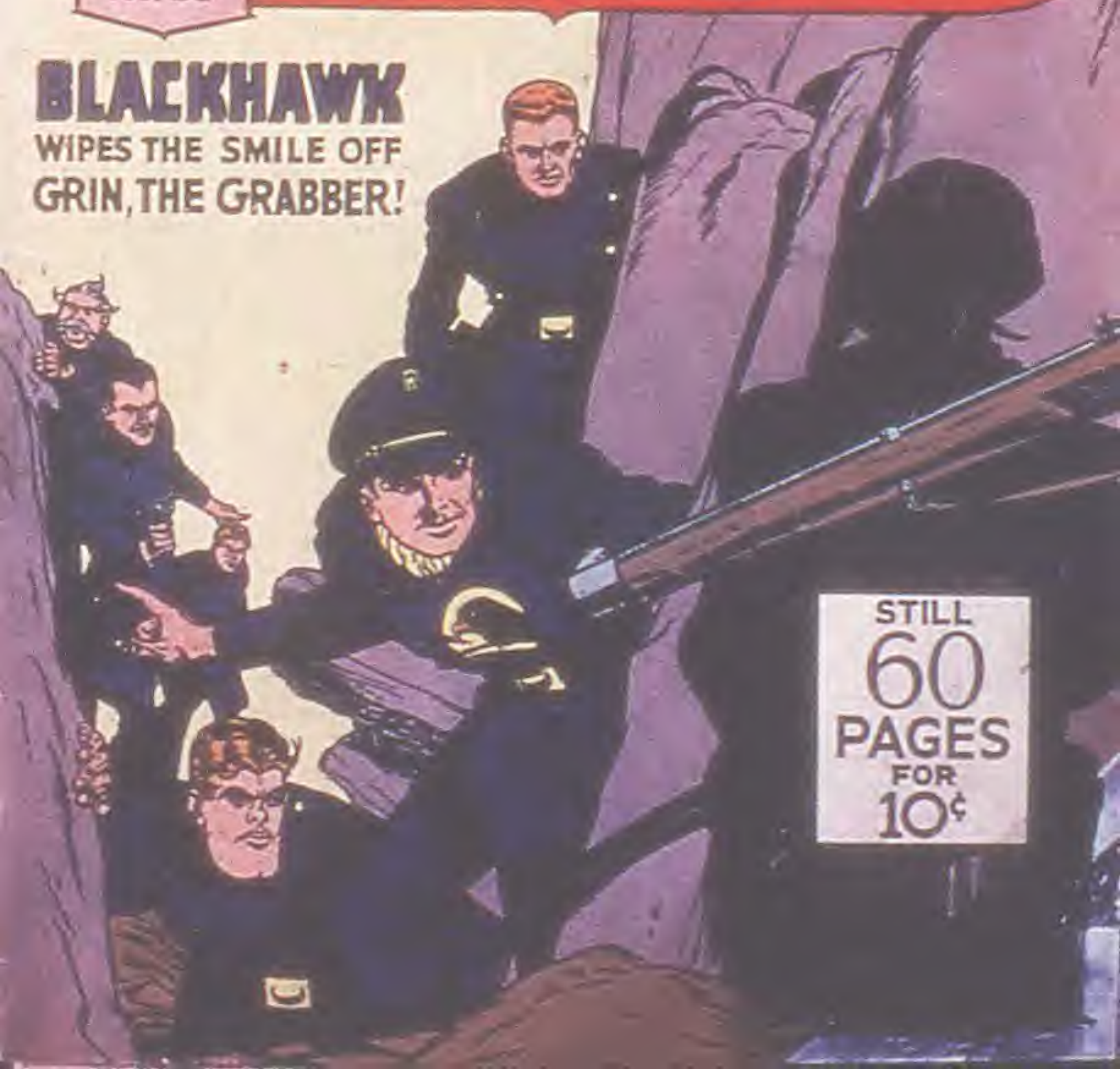
MODERN

FEBRUARY
No. 58

COMICS

BLACKHAWK

WIPES THE SMILE OFF
GRIN, THE GRABBER!



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

WANTED!

Slender Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMMANDO-TOUGH

Inside and out...in double quick time
-OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of men daily are turning to a new system of building a body that is strong, healthy, and beautiful. This system is the result of years of research and experimentation. It is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient. It is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient. It is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient.



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says E. F. Kelly,
Physiatrist Director
Atlantic City

Give me 10 Minutes a Day
Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

Learn my time tested secrets of strength. This is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient. It is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient. It is the only system that has been proven to be the most effective and efficient.

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**READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS
SAY ABOUT JOWETT**



L. BROWNE
President of the
New York Athletic Club

HERBIE HARRIS
Professional Wrestler
and Body Builder



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OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN**

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FREE!



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YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW IN BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

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10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

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235 E. 10th Ave., Dept. G-12 New York 1, N. Y.



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BLACKHAWK



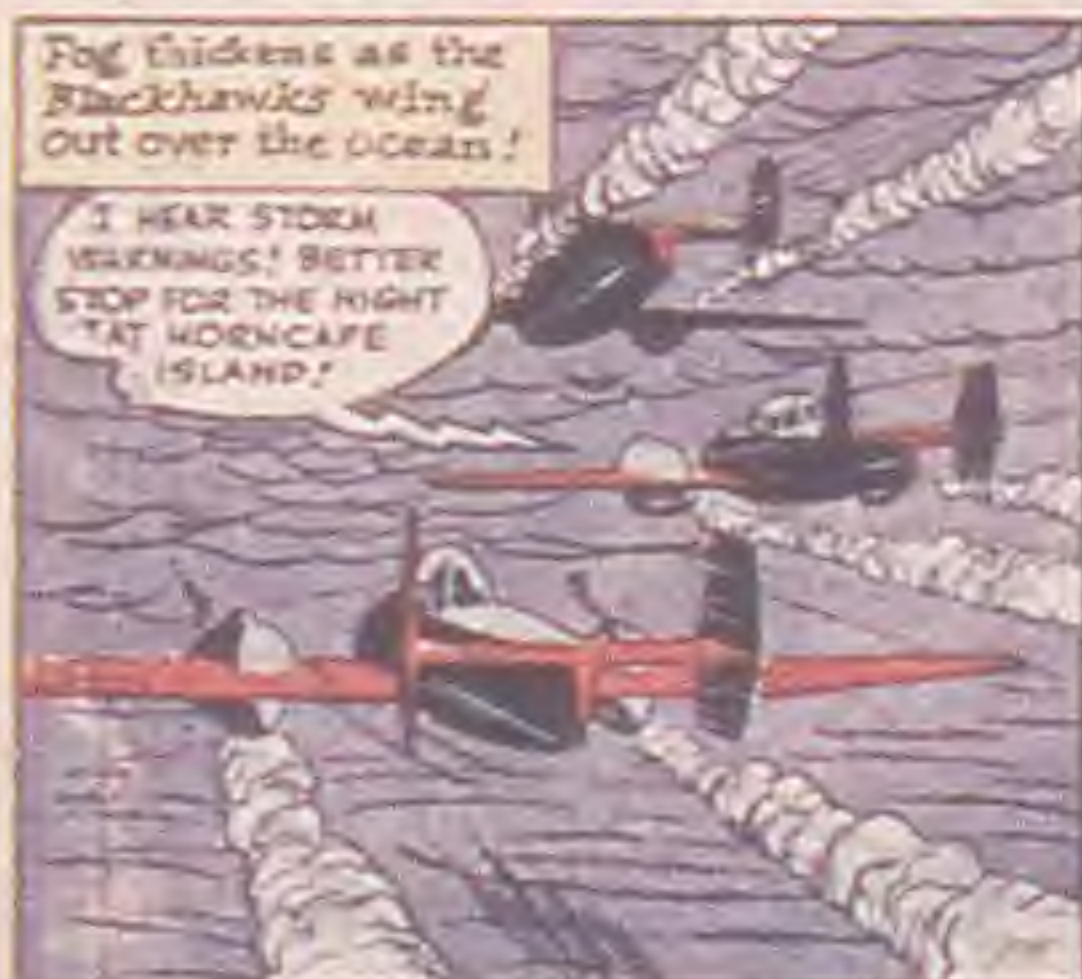
TABLETS OF LAW --enjoining honesty, peace and virtue.
To every GOOD man, they were an inspiration as shining
as the gold and jewels of which they are made-- To every
EVIL man, a **TEMPTATION!**

A strange journey those tablets made --across the world,
fought over every step of the way by **GRIM, THE CHASER**
and the fighting, smashing **BLACKHAWKS!**





















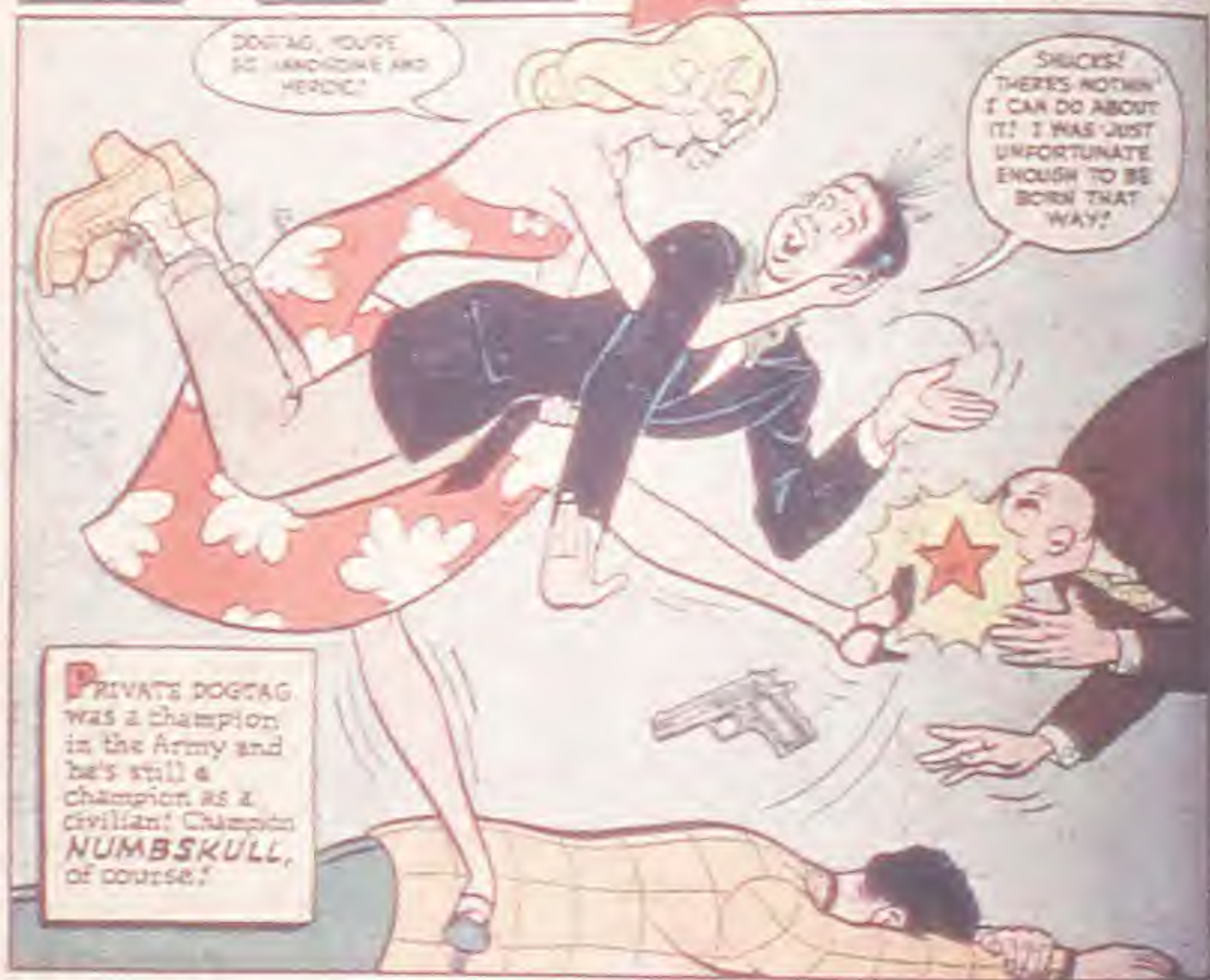








DOGTAG



PPRIVATE DOGTAG was a champion in the Army and he's still a champion as a civilian! Champion **NUMBSKULL**, of course!





THE IDEA!
THE ANGLE!
IT'S RIGHT
HERE UNDER
OUR NOSES!

IT LOOKS
MORE LIKE
AN IMBROLE
—OR POSSIBLY
AN IDIOT!



EXACTLY, WINSLOW!
IT'S A GUY NAMED DOSTAG
WHO HAS A ROOM IN THIS
HOUSE! HE'S AN EIGHTEEN
CARAT CLUCK WHO WILL
FIT BEAUTIFULLY
INTO THE PLAN
I AM HATCHING!

SAID
PLAN
BEING
WHAT?



ROOMS

SAID PLAN BEING TO PUT
FEELEY WHERE HE WON'T BE
ABLE TO WORK AS A PRIVATE
EYE TONIGHT AND TO
SUBSTITUTE DOSTAG
FOR HIM!

A WONDERFUL
PLAN, INDEED,
OSSOOD! A
LAMEBRAIN SUCH
AS THIS DOSTAG
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY
GIVE US EASY
ACCESS TO SLOBINA
FIVE AND THE TWO
HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLAR BROOD
SHE WILL BE
WEARING!



THINK OF IT — A
THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLAR
RANSOM FOR SLOBINA
AND TWO HUNDRED
G'S FOR THE
BROOD!

WE WILL BE
DISGUSTINGLY
RIGHT! FEELEY
SHOULD BE
LEAVING HIS
OFFICE IN
A FEW
MINUTES!



ISN'T IT A
LOVELY DAY,
DETECTIVE
FEELEY?



Later — as the plan unfolds...

DOSTAG, AS SOON
AS WE HEARD ABOUT
THIS JOB, WE KNEW
THERE WAS ONLY ONE
MAN IN THE WORLD
WHO COULD
FILL IT!

I AGREE
WITH YOU! AFTER
SOME OF THE
THINGS I DID IN
THE WAR, GUARDING
A DEBUTANTE
AND HER BROOD
WILL BE A
CINCH!



WE'LL BE THERE LATER —
AS GUESTS! THE FRUGS
CAME OVER ON THE
MAYFLOWER WITH MY
ANCESTORS. YOU
KNOW?

DROP IN BY ALL MEANS,
FELLERS! I'M SURE
THEY WON'T HOLD IT
AGAINST YOU THAT YOUR
ANCESTORS COULDN'T AFFORD
TO TRAVEL BY PLANE!









TORCHY

BUT EVERY
TIME I LEAVE THIS
GYM, I WEIGH MORE
THAN WHEN I
CAME IN!

I CAN'T FIGURE
IT OUT! THERE MUST
BE SOMETHING WRONG
WITH THESE REDUCING
MACHINES!

BEFORE
AFTER

YOU BARE
THE SKIN
WE'VE CAVE
IT IN!











"COUGH COUGH
I CAN'T
BREATHE!"



"SHE'S THE MURDERER!"
"THIS IS GOING TO BE
A CINDY SNARK! WE
DON'T SEE A COP ALL
THE WAY DOWN HERE!"



"BUT I TELL
YOU YOU CAN'T
GO IN THERE
TODAY!"

"WE CAN'T
GO IN,
HE SAYS!"



"SO, MAYBE HE DOESN'T
LIKE BREATHING! SOME
GUYS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY!"

"GRANK!"



"COUGH COUGH
THIS IS GOING TO
BE AN ORDEAL,
BODY!"

"COUGH IT'LL
BE OVER IN A
MINUTE, SNARK!"



"OFF THERE
BUD!"



"MAYBE HE
DOESN'T HEAR
SO GOOD!"

"IF I WEREN'T IN A HURRY,
I'D TAKE THE TROUBLE TO
IMPROVE HIS HEARING BY
SLAPPIN' HIM AROUND
A LITTLE!"



POODLE McDOODLE

PWEE
WEET!HMM...
A FRESH
GUY!THERE! THAT'LL TEACH
YOU NOT TO WHISTLE
AT GIRLS!

SMASH!

DEEPERS! WOTTA WALLUP!
AN' FER NOTHIN'! IT WUZ
TH' STEAM WHISTLE ON
TH' PEANUT ROASTER
T' SHE HOID!'EH, POODLE! I SEE WOTSA HAPPEN AN'
I'M A VERY SORRY! BUT I GOTTA IDEA!
YOU TAKE-A DA PEANUTS AN' WHEN SHE
COME-A BACK, YOU ASK IF SHE WANT!
MAKE-A EVRYTING
HOKAY! HOKAY!I GUESS
SO!HERE SHE IS
NOW — HOPE SHE
LIKES THESE
THINGS!

NUTS?

DONT YOU DARE
CALL ME NUTS!WOMEN! OH
YOU FIGGER 'EM
OUT?

AS LONG AS
MISS GOSSEL PAYS
TWO DOLLARS A WEEK
EXTRA FOR USING THE PARLOR,
YOU CAN BE HER GUEST—
**WHEN SHE'S
IN THERE!**

NOW, SEE HERE, MRS. MAHOULAHAN!
TO HEAR YOU TALK, I DO NOTHING
BUT IMPOSE ON BEFY'S
GENEROSITY — WHEN
I WAS MERELY
**WAITING
FOR HER!**



YOU KNOW VERY WELL
THAT SHE'S GONE TO
THAT CHILD PSYCHOLOGY
CLASS AND WON'T BE
BACK UNTIL LATER!

YOO-HOO!
MRS.
MAHOULAHAN!



**Will
Braqq**





PSYCHOLOGIST—
YOU JUST

YOU'D THINK
DIFFERENTLY
IF YOU KNEW
JUNIOR!



PERHAPS IT'S BETTER TO FORGET
ABOUT THE CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST
AND TRY TO GET SOMEONE
WHO'D TAKE A CHANCE ON
POSSIBLY SPENDING AN
EVENING RELAXING
IN THE PARLOR!

HUH?



SECOND
WENT, MADAM,
HELP YOU

ER—IF YOU'RE
WILLING TO
RISK IT!



AHEM! ER...? HARUMP'S — UNDOUBTEDLY
YOU'VE HEARD OF BRAGG, THE
CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST!
AHEM... ALTHOUGH I'VE SINCE
RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE,
I AM STILL CONSIDERED
THE FOREMOST IN
THE FIELD!



OUT A DOUBT, THE
MUST'VE HAD A BAD
T IN LIFE — WHICH I
CORRECT IN AN
ING — IF HE'S
WAKE?



IF HE'S ASLEEP,
ER—I'LL GIVE
THE PROBLEM
MY DEEPEST
CONSIDERATION!

QUIT
BLOWING YOUR
HORN, BRAGG!
SHE CAN'T
HEAR YOU
ANY MORE!



HE'LL SLEEP OR I'LL BREAK HIS NECK!
I'M NOT MISSING A SETUP LIKE THIS...A
PARLOR ALL TO MYSELF WITHOUT THAT
JABBERING, MAN-CRAZY
EFFY GISSEL!











WE BOTH WORKING
AT ME... AND THEY'VE
PUT ME IN THE
MIDDLE!



HMMMM!
IS HE
ASLEEP?

NO! ER-YES!
ER... I
MEAN—



I'M GLAD
PSYCHOLOGY
WORKED!

AT LEAST
SOMEONE'S
DID!



ISN'T IT NICE
BEING HERE
ALONE?

THERE'S GOTTA
BE SOME
WAY OUT!



...ER... DON'T
TO DISAPPOINT
EFFY... BUT
PSYCHOLOGY
WORKS!
GETTING
TO THE
POINT
THING

WHY, THAT
LITTLE
SCAMP!
I'LL—



EFFY—REMEMBER
PSYCHOLOGY? ER...
IF YOU DON'T MIND—
**I'LL SHOW YOU
THE TACTICS
TO USE!**



JUST SIT BACK AND
RELAX! AND
OUT-WAIT
HIM!

—AS IF
ANYONE
COULD!



NO MIRAGE

COATL was an Aztec Indian who had gone to school in the States and received the baptismal name of John. While it gave him no little prestige among his own people—that name of John—Coatl still liked his own name. Coatl was an Aztec, and proud of it.

But since he had had schooling, it was only natural that when an exploring party visited his country, he should be chosen to lead it. The pay was good. He spoke English. He had learned something of his own people. He knew the country.

The exploring party was from New York, and its job was to locate a certain city of the ancient Aztecs which had escaped the scourge of Cortes.

There were not many Aztec cities that escaped the Spaniards. Starting with Vera Cruz, over the mountains to Tenochtitlan (now Mexico City), and thence inland to all the remaining cities of the old race, Cortes had laid waste everything, stolen the gold and silver, left his irrevocable mark upon the natives.

Coatl knew the story well. He didn't like to think of it. Cortes had almost erased his entire people from the face of the earth. Of course, some of those early ones had accepted the strange gods of the white men, been converted, and become plodding farmers and—slaves.

Coatl liked to think of himself as untamed. It was good to get schooling. He wanted schooling for the simple reason that it allowed him to read. And only by reading white men's books could he learn the history of his people and then lay plans for their betterment. Most of the pictographs and tablets of the Aztecs had been destroyed by those same whites during the raids of General Hernando Cortes.

The city being searched for by the exploring party was unknown to Coatl. He had never heard of it. Nor read about it in the books.

"How you know there is such a city?" he asked Henry Lane, leader of the party.

Lane grinned. "We don't for sure. But we have every reason to think it existed—once."

Coatl looked puzzled. "Si," he said. Then: "Yes sir."

The party set off in a few days and headed west from Puebla. It was rugged, mountainous country trying even to the hardy little pack mules they used. But Coatl was an Aztec, just as sure-footed as the mules. While the others soon began to grumble at the heat and steady climb over hard, blazing lava, he said nothing. Taking a pull from his water canteen occasionally, he held his head high. He was an Aztec.

It took them five days to reach the higher summits of the cordillera. A violent wind swept over the peaks, almost strong enough to push the men and mules over into the yawning chasms. They made camp just below the summit and prepared to rest before starting down the other side.

Coatl had been promised 500 pesos if he discovered the lost city. That was the only inducement. He had no particular desire to find any Aztec city for these white men. In the dim dead past, white men had found his ancestors' cities—and look what had happened as a result! No, he didn't care whether he found these men the city they wanted or not. Only there was that 500 pesos. A fellow needed money these uncertain days.

Coatl sang the old songs as he helped prepare the evening meal. He sang sometimes in the Aztec and sometimes in the Toltec language, for he knew both fluently.

Once Lane asked him to repeat several words in Toltec, and he copied them down in a little book. Then Lane began talking in the same language. Coatl was astounded. He had never heard a white man speak Toltec before.

"How you learn him?" he asked, open-mouthed.

"I studied it years ago," Lane replied. "It is a difficult language."

Coatl nodded. "Muy," he said in agreement.

"Yes, very," said Lane. "I also speak a little Aztec, Coatl. Listen."

Coatl listened amazed as Henry Lane spoke sentence after sentence in his native tongue. After that, Coatl looked upon Lane as a man of the ordinary. They were friends.

The morning they reached the flat plain that led out as far as the eye could see to the west, Coatl and Lane were talking in Artec and Spanish exclusively. They exchanged history and news of each of their races, and Lane learned many things he had not known about the mythology of the Artecs. It was good, helpful stuff. He told Coatl many things about America and its people.

They traveled three days due west, then came to low barrancas and several deep canons crossing the plain. It was beyond this point somewhere that the lost Artec city was supposed to lay. Of course, it would be only the ruins.

They searched carefully as they traveled, making no chances on missing anything of value. And it was three days later they came to another high ridge of mountains. They were not far now from the west coast of Mexico. To the west lay Guadalupe.

They climbed the range, finding it even more formidable than the eastern range. This would be the beginnings of the Andes probably. The peaks were barren, volcanic, hot. They had passed no ruins of ancient Artec cities. Lane was beginning to wonder a little. Did such a city exist?

When they reached the top of the range, they made a hasty camp to wait for the morrow. It was now nearing sunset. As Lane stood on the edge of a high cliff looking down in the sprawling valley to the west, he thought he saw pinpoints of light flashing in the purple shadows that had already fallen over the valley. But he couldn't be sure. They looked like lights, but then they couldn't be. Nobody lived down there.

The next morning after breakfast, the party set out again. Over and down. And there surely would be what they'd come so far to find.

Going down the western slope of the range was far more difficult than the upward climb. They set out before the sun was visible, to take advantage of the morning coolness. At first west wind sang through the crags. When they had reached a point about one-third of the way down, Coatl suddenly halted and pointed down into the valley.

Lane was just behind him.

"What is it, Coatl?"

"Horsemen," said the Artec. "Many horsemen."

It was true. A mile-long band of riders came across the plain toward the foothills of the range. And when they had drawn a little nearer, the explorers could see that their costumes were strange. They flashed and sparkled in the early morning sun.

"What is it they have on?" Lane asked. He picked his field glasses from their case and put them to his eyes. Then:

"Holy cow!" he cried. "Here, take a look, Coatl."

The Artec held the glasses to his eyes. He lowered them and his hands were shaking.

"Cortes!" he gasped. "It is indeed the Spanish general and his men! But—"

"Booh!" cried Lane. "Cortes indeed! And he's only been dead four centuries!"

Others of the party were now peering through glasses. Comments were rife among them.

"Who the devil can they be—and dressed like 16th century soldiers?" demanded Lane. "Can it be that a remnant—Oh, I must be crazy!"

The riders were coming nearer and nearer. Their costumes—which were now easily detected to be steel armor—flashed and glittered in the sunshine. Plumes waved in their steel helmets. They carried long lances and pikes, and swords swung at their hips. Even the horses were armored.

It took the party more than an hour to reach the lower plain, and by this time the horsemen had been joined by a great body of Indians—Artecs! They were battling there on the plain, shouting, yelling, firing their blunderbusses and shooting arquebuses and cross-bows. It was such a battle as only could have taken place at least 400 years ago.

Then a small car came into view and headed toward the halted explorers. A man stepped out when the car stopped. He advanced toward the amazed explorers.

"I wonder," he said, "if you folks would mind moving about a half mile to the south? You see, you are in camera range. We're shooting 'The Great General!'"

A movie!

CHOO CHOO

WE'RE MAKING
WONDERFUL TIME,
CHOO CHOO! NOW
DO YOU KNOW WHY
THE CAMEL IS CALLED
THE SHIP OF
THE DESERT?

I SURE DO!
G-GOSH, CHERRY,
WHEN ARE WE GOING
TO HIT A STRETCH
OF SMOOTH
SAILING?



Choo Choo has landed a movie contract and
expects to receive rave notices very soon—



CHOO CHOO,
YOU'RE
FIRED!

YOU CAN'T FIRE
ME! I
QUIT!



DON'T COME BACK!
GIVE YOU THE PART OF
LITTLE LADY, EIGHTY
YEARS OLD, AND WHAT
DO YOU DO? A TAP
DANCE!

I'M LEAVING
FOR GOOD! AND
HERE'S WHAT I
THINK OF YOUR
CONTRACT!



YOU CALL
YOURSELF
AN ACTRESS?
YOU SHOULD
BE PAYING
ME!

STOP YELLING, MR. PLOTZ!
CHERRY, I THINK WE'VE SEEN
JUST ABOUT ENOUGH
OF HOLLYWOOD!



AM ABSOLUTELY THROUGH
WITH THE MOVIE INDUSTRY!
DEFINITELY!

CHOO CHOO, IS IT TRUE
WHAT HE SAID ABOUT YOU
PLAYING THE PART OF A
POOR OLD LADY AND GOING
TO A TAP DANCE ALL
BY YOUR OWN?

OF COURSE NOT!
I SIMPLY WENT INTO
A SOFT SHOE
ROUTINE!

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR CONTRACT
FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS
A WEEK?

HA, THE
UNSCRUPULOUS
BULLY! HE HAS
ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD
FOR LAW AND DECENCY!
THERE WAS A FLOATING
DECIMAL POINT
IN IT!



YOU MEAN INSTEAD OF GETTING TWO
THOUSAND YOU WERE ONLY GETTING
TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK?

WORSE THAN THAT! IT WAS
TWENTY DOLLARS! THE ROBBER!
I'M THROUGH! FINISHED!
WASHED UP!

CHOO CHOO, THOSE ARE THE SWEETEST
WORDS IN THE WORLD! ARE YOU SURE YOU
MEAN IT?

ON MY WORD OF HONOR,
CHERRY! FROM NOW ON,
I'M JUST A LITTLE
COUNTRY BUMPKIN!



A few hours and many miles later—

IT'S A GRAND FEELING TO SHAKE THE DUST OF THE CITY FROM OUR FEET!

YOU SAID IT! BOY, GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE! WE'LL SETTLE DOWN IN SOME LITTLE MIDWESTERN TOWN!



BUT GOSH, CHOO CHOO, I WISH WE HAD MADE SOME PREPARATIONS FOR THIS TRIP! WE DON'T HAVE EVEN A DROP OF WATER WITH US!

I COULDN'T GET AWAY SOON ENOUGH! STOP FRETTERING! THE NEXT TOWN IS ONLY A HUNDRED MILES—



OLD BESSY HAS NEVER FAILED US BEFORE, BUT THEN SHE'S NEVER BEEN UNDER SUCH STRAIN! WHEN IT'S HOT!

THERE'S NO USE WORRYING. I ALWAYS SAY: IF A THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN—

CHUG!



CHUG!

—IT—IT HAPPENS!

OH, GOLLY, WE—WE'RE STOPPING!



CHUG! CHUG!

GASP!

BANG!

W-WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE STRANDED!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! I CAN TELL BY THAT GASP THAT IT'S THE LAST!



SSSS-SS!

CHUG!

SO, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WALK!

WELL, ONE CONSOLATION IS—EVERY STEP TAKES US FARTHER AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD!













EZRA

NOW PLAYING

NEW ROYCE



NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING, EZRA! WHAT THESE MOVIE THEATRES DON'T DO TO ADVERTISE A PICTURE! A FAKE GUN BATTLE IN THE STREET! HA-HA!

G-GOSH, ROLLO. I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT— BUT I SURE DON'T REMEMBER HAVING A HOTH HOLE IN MY HAT BEFORE THIS SHOOTING STARTED!

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG



HI, ROLLO, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! LET'S TAKE IN THIS SWELL MYSTERY BEFORE THE PRICES CHANGE!

ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT STUFF IS STRICTLY FOR LAME BRAINS!



WHADDAYA MEANT I HEAR THIS IS A REAL HONEY! NOBODY GUESSES WHO THE REAL CRIMINAL IS!

HAT! SO YOU FALL FOR THAT HOLLYWOOD MALARKY, TOO? THEY PURPOSELY MISLEAD YOU WITH FAKE CLUES AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

BANG

BUT THE
URING AND
ON! LET
YOUR HAIR,
YOU?

IN MYSTERY MOVIES, THE VILLAIN IS
ALWAYS AN INNOCENT LOOKING PERSON!
WHEREAS, IN REAL LIFE, THE UNMIS-
TAKABLE MARK OF CRIME IS ON
ANY CRIMINAL! THE TRAINED
EYE CATCHES IT EVERY
TIME!

AW, WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT CRIME?

ONLY AS MUCH AS
THE AUTHOR OF THIS
BOOK! HE IS AN
EXPERT!

FALL
YWOOD
O! THEY
LEAD
CLUES
T EVEN
FERENCE!

YOU'RE GETTING TO BE
A LITTLE SMARTY! WHY
DON'T YOU LET THE MAN
EXPRESS HIS OPINION,
AT LEAST?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO! HE IS
THE TYPICAL MOVIE -GOER!
HE CAN ONLY QUOTE FROM
THE BEST MYSTERY MOVIE
OF THE MONTH!

WHEREAS WE WHO
HAVE STUDIED THE
CRIMINAL TYPE
EXTENSIVELY -
FROM CHARTS,
THAT IS - KNOW
THAT -

HELLLLP!
POLICE!





...BUT I HAVE TO
TALK TO YOU! NONE OF
THE OTHERS HAD THE
WOMAN PURSE
WITH THEM!

UH - ER - YES,
SIR, OFFICER!



DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A
SLOPPY INSPECTION? HE IS
CONCENTRATING ON POOR
MR. WEEKS AND DIDN'T EVEN
LOOK IN THE LITTLE OLD
LADY'S BAG, OR THE STREET
SWEEPERS' CART!

FOR THAT MATTER, HE
HASN'T SEARCHED US!
BUT GOSH, BOLD, AFTER
ALL, IT'S A POLICEMAN'S
BUSINESS TO TRACK
ROBBERIES! HE SURELY
KNOWS WHAT HE'S
DOING!



HE'S JUST
A BARTENDER
AND NEVER
WAS OF
SCIENTIFIC
INSPECTION!

OH, IS
THAT SO?



IF I NEED ANY ADVICE FROM
YOU, SHERLOCK HOLMES, I'LL
LET YOU KNOW!
NOW SCRAM!

GLUP!



WELL, JUST CALL
ME OLD DOC
WATSON AND
LET'S GET
GOING!

HMMPH! I'LL
CONDUCT MY OWN
INVESTIGATION!
I'LL SHOW HIM!



YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT!
I FOLLOW YOU? I'D
LIKE TO WATCH
YOU WORK!

UH, WHY, YES - I SUPPOSE
SO! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!



MY FIRST MOVE IS TO FOLLOW
THE STREET SWEEPER!
HE WENT THIS WAY!











I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts, show you how to solder and how to build and repair radio sets. Give you practical experience.



KIT 2
Early in my course I show you how to build this V.A.C. Tuner with parts I send. It will allow you to repair almost any radio and with EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Chassis. Then you learn how to build them. You learn to design, build, and repair radio sets.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack, make changes, which give you experience with parts of every kind. Learn to correct power pack trouble.



KIT 5
Building this A. C. Signal Converter gives you more valuable experience. It provides an introduction to the radio trade and experience.



KIT 6
You build this Intermediate Receiver which brings in local and distant stations and gives you more experience in radio work.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry — or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home — how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

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